y this life is barren, drear and a same and song was sum of or a same long weary tale is told, our lips is half the cup of strif —a fittle love can assisten life

They say our hands may grasp but joys . Youth me but dreams, and ago an action void, m Dead-Sea fruit long, long ago has cloyed, Whose night with wild tempestuous storms is And yet a little hope can brighten life,

They say we fling ourselves in wild despair Amidst the broken treasures sinitered th Where all is wrecked, where all once promi And stab ourselves with sorrow's two-edges

And yet a little patience strongthens life. And you with the true, this tale of bitter grief,
Of mortal anguish finding no relief!
Lo! midst the winter shines the laurel's leaf;
Three anguls share the lot of human strife,
Three anguls along the path of life.

Love, Hope and Patience cheer us on ou Love, Hope and Patience form our spirit's Love, Hope and Patience watch un day by And bid the desert bloom with beauty vernal, Tritli the earthly fades in the eternal, — Zemple Bor.

THE MINISTER'S OLD COAT.

"Ministers' sons are very apt to turn out badly," said I, to the goutleman who sat next to me in the car. We had met in the train, bound for Chicago, and had struck up an acquaintance.

He stopped me with his hand on my arm and with an earnest look which I shall never forces.

shall never forget.

I paused at once in what I was say-

I paused at once in what I was saying, and it seemed for a moment almost as if the rushing train had
stopped to listen, too.

"Let me tell you a story," he said.

"I know it is a common belief that
ministers' sons are wild, but that is because people talk about the bad ones,
while those who turn out well are
taken as a matter of course. I
sathered statistics about them, once, estimated with the said of the said of the said.

"O, father! let me do that! I don't
like to see you at such work."

"Mr. Blake stopped and looked earnsathered statistics about them, once, estimated the said of the said.

"The was his father out in the field,
digging for new potatoes, his cost off,
and his spectacled face perspiring!

"The sight struck shame into the
boy. He vaulted the fence, and running up with hardly a pause for greetlike to see you at such work."

"Mr. Blake stopped and looked earnsathered statistics about them, once, gathered statistics about them, once, and found that out of a thousand sons of ministers, there were very few who did not grow up useful and industrious

But what is your story?" I asked,

"But what is your story." I asked, settling back in my seat.
"Well," said he, "It begins with a class-supper in Boston, a dozen years ago. A number of old college friends had gathered in the evening for their annual reunion. Among them was the rich merchant, J. E. Williston—perhaps you have heard of him—and a poor pastor of a country church in Elmbank village, out in Western Massachusetts, whose name was Blake. A sachusetts, whose name was Blake. A good many of the class had died, and the dozen or so elderly men who were left felt more tender than ever toward left felt more tender than ever toward each other, as they thought of the bright old days at Harvard, and how that it was the first night of the production soon no one would be left on earth who thered in that happy time.

"The dishes came and wont, the

"The dishes came and went, the lights glowed brilliantly, and at last the friends grew quite gay. But the tender feeling I have spoken of would come uppermost, now and then; and in one of these musing moments Williston's see was attracted by something glistening about the coat which his friend Blake, who sat next to him, had on.

He looked closer, and saw that the black cloth of which the coat was made had been worn so thin and smooth that

it was very shiny.

"Well, Blake,' said he, suddenly, taking hold of his friend's arm cordially (which he somehow hadn't thought of doing before), 'how has the world gone with you, lately?"

"Blake had a naturally sad and thoughtful face; but he looked around quickly, with a warm smile.

"No noed to ask,' he said, laughingly. 'You can read the whole story on my back. This old coat is a sort of balance-sheet, which shows my financial condition to a T.'

condition to a T.'
"Then he spoke more seriously, add-'I nen he spoke more seriously, adding, 'It is a pretty hard life, Williston, that of a country parson. I don't complain of my lot, though sometimes I'm distressed for my family. The fact is, this coat I've got on is hardly fit for a man of my profession to appear in; but I'm going to send my boy Sam to Harvard this year, and must pinch here and there is do it. I really country the country of the special country of the series out of you?"

'Not until you ask politely,' she replied. I'm going to send my boy Sain to Har-vard this year, and must pinch here and there to do it. I really ought to be thankful, though, that I can get such advantages for him by a few little sacri-fices of neground. fices of personal appearance and con-

"'Don't you give a thought to your coat, old fellow, returned Williston.
'Nobody who knows you will ever imagine that the heart inside of it is threadbare, however the garment may

** Blake was pleased with this kindly expression; and both men, after that exchange of confidence, felt happier. ng the various incidents of the evening, this one almost passed out of the minister's mind by the next day, when he started for Elmbank.

"Speedy as his return was, however, something meant for him had got to his destination before him. It was a letter. Taking it up, he broke open the en-velope, and found inside a few words velope, and found inside a few words from Williston, with a check for five hundred dollars to defray the first year's college expenses of his old classmate's

You are a stranger to me, air," said my traveling-companion, at this point:
"but I think you will appreciate the
feeling with which poor Mr. Blake
stood in his bare and dingy study in the
old farm parsonage, holding that letter
in his hand, and lifting his faithful eyes
in thankfulness to God."
"Yes," I realized "William At-

"Yes," I replied, "Williston did at the right thing, too. And how was Did the son show that he deserved

the help?"
My sequaintance looked away from
me at the rich country through which
we were passing. Then he said:
"Sam Binks was a good-natured,
obedient fellow enough, and was greatly pleased to have the expense of his
first college year takes off his fisther's
shoulders, but his sense of duty didn't
go very far. The Rev. Mr. Hlake
bought a new coat, and Sam entered
Harvard that fall; and there matters
stopped for a while.

stopped for a while,
A freshmen has a great deal to learn, as you know; but I think the chief thing Sam learned, that term, was the great difference there is be-tween Harvard and a little village like Eimbank, and the great difficulty of working and playing at the same time. "Here he had society meetings to at-tend, and rooms of his own, with a

was desirable to prevent his health from breaking down under the confine-ment of study. So, on the whole, the actual work that he did in the college

actual work that he did in the college course was not very extensive.

"This didn't seem to have say bad effect till well along in the winter, when the habit of shirking work had grown as strong, withent his noticing it, that he fell easily into reading novels when he ought to have been in the recitation-room. Gymnasium, theater, billiards, smoking—and I am sfraid I must say a little drinking—frittered away his time.

"One herribly snowy, sloety, morning when he had got up too late for prayers, the postman brought him a note from the Faculty—an 'admonition.'

"He dropped the pipe he was just lighting and bolted off to recitation. But he 'doaded' immediately and that discouraged him.

discouraged him.

"He soon began to make light of the warning and did himself no credit in his studies. Though he managed to squeeze through the examination at the end of the freshman year, he came out far down toward the foot of his class.

own toward the foot of his class.

"He wasn't quite contented with himself and thought be would try to do better the next year. But during the journey home he recovered his usual

"When he walked up the village owards the parsonage farm, he was hinking that—since he was a sophomore now—he would buy the knottlest and biggest-headed cane in Cambridge when he should go back there. And what do you suppose was the first sight that met him at home? "It was his father out in the field,

"O, father! let me do that! I don't like to see you at such work."
"Mr. Blake stopped and looked earnestly and rather sadly at him.
"'Well, Sam, I think that's about as good a "How-do-you-do?" as you could have offered me. There's something right about you after all."
"It hadn't occurred to Sam that there was any doubt on that point before. He vas any doubt on that point before. He

blushed as he asked—
" 'Where's the hired man?' "'I've discharged him. I can't afford one at present, my son, was the an-

wer.

"Sam was rather puzzled, and began

to reflect.

"They went into the house, and there, when the minister reappeared after making his toilet, his son noticed that he were the old shabby, shiny cost. At this he was more than ever aston

gal's return, was very meager. Not single extra luxury was on the table and Sam observed that his father and and Sam observed that his father and mother took no sugar nor butter. His own appoints began to fail at seeing this, and his perception was sharpened accordingly. He was now aware that his father looked very thin, as well as sad Suddenly he laid down his knife, and exclaimed to his sister Katy—

"Sis, what does all this mean?—
this going without the hired man, and starving yourselves?"

starving yourselves?"
"His sister looked at him, then glanced at Mr. Blake and her mother,

before he went to bed, Sam obtained an interview with his sister alone. He

"Well, then, please tell me what

""Well, then, please tell me what the mystery is.
""It oughtn't to be a mystery to you, Sam, that you haven't done well at cologe. Papa is terribly disappointed."
"I don't see why he should commit suicide, if he is," Sam retorted. "I haven't cost him much this year,"
""Oh, yes, you have. Do you know he actually sold the new coat?"
""Why?" Sam frowned.
""Because he's been trying every way to save money since he began to get reports of how you were wasting your time."

" What for?" asked Sam, though he began to suspect.

Well, he — how should I know?

Don't you see? He's ashamed to have had that money from his old classmate, and he's nearly saved enough, and he's going to pay it all back. There, I was to keep it secret, and now I've told you? And his sister burst into tears. 'You've nearly broken his heart, Sam—poor papa?'
"The next day Mr. Blake's son went

in his excitement. 'Katy told me last night. I wish, though, you'd held on to the new coat a while.' "Why?" asked Mr. Blake, imper-

turbably.

"Because,' said Sam, 'I'm going to pay my own way now. I've been off lo-day and hired out for the season to Farmer Hedgeburton. You won't send that money to Williston, will you, fa-

ther?"
"You are too late, was the minister's answer. 'I've just mailed the letter to him."
"In fact, next day the kind mer-

chant's eyes were dimmed as he read these words:

"Dean Williamos - My bor-it almost breaks my boart to say so-has not proved worthy of your generalty. I have decided to return the aum which you sent me for his hast year, and you will find a draft enclosed for that amount.

term, for that assesse.

Here I interrupted the narrator, age like "Doesn't this story prove what I said at the beginning?" I asked.

"No: for that isn't the end of it. gas to at with a with a with a few dollars of earnings is his pocket. He had decided to give up college, and so applied to Mr. Williston all, into

"I am a well-to-do man now, sir," continued my acquaintance, suddenly peaking in the first person, "and when we get to Chicago, if you will come to my establishment, I will show you my father, the minister's old shiny coat, which I preserve because it was the be-ginning of my fortune, and made a man of me.

of ne."
"Then," I exclaimed, taking him by
the hand, "It is yourself you have been
talking about all this time! You are"— "Sam," concluded my new friend, nodding and smiling.—G. P. Lathrop, in Fouths' Companion.

Where Is the Blame I

Where is the Blame I

In our large towns and cities there are many wives who are saddened with the knowledge that their husbands are happiest when they can find or manufacture plausible reason for dining at a lunch house or a restaurant instead of at home. Where lies the blame? Sometimes, doubtless, with the husband; quite as often in the kitchen. And why? In most instances it is not from straitened circumstances. The poor cannot afford the luxury of choosing between the home table and a public one, and with the rich these public resorts should be no luxury, but only a car. I began to make experiments. I one, and with the rich these ports should be no luxury, but o cessity when business takes the hus-nd so far away as to make it impossi-e, or at least a great inconvenience,

The wife, who alone should be the mistress of the home, ought so to manage her kingdom that all the inmates of the family will feel not only that there is no place like home, but no table to be found anywhere so tempting as that which is prepared and we ing as that which is prepared and pre-sided over by the wife and mother. Even if she has the most competent cook she must still be well assured be-fore the bell calls all to the dining-room that her table is spotlessly clean, at-iractively arranged and appetizing in its provisions.

The proprietor of every restaurant

nows very well that he must use every essible effort to make his tables look structive, and make sure that every article of food called for is prepared in the most acceptable manner. If one finds after a few trials that the coffee is poor, or the soup with too little season-ng or as salt as brine; that the meats are badly cooked and worse carved—mangled rather; that the steaks are tough, or raw, or cold; that the bread is sour, or streaked and clammy—and this not once or twice, but almost invariably—hew long would he be induced to patronize that place? If wives trust all the "kitches work" to hirelings; if, having provided a well-recommended cook, they feel that their responsibility as far as the meals are concerned ceases; if they do not make their cooks understand that the mistress holds full and not too be disputed authorare badly cooked and worse carvedolds full and not-to-be-disputed author-ty, not only over the parlor but over-very department in the house, devery department in the house, de-nanding implicit acquiescence in all casonable requirements, and is fully ompetent to judge of the performance of every duty—they cannot complain if heir husbands and sons learn that creature comforts are more surely supplied at restaurants, and patronize them rather than submit to the discom-forts of the home table. If the wife first understands how to

If the wife first understands how to manufacture each dish that she allows to be set before her family, herself, and is, by this knowledge, fitted to instruct her servants and secure their ready compliance with her teachings, she has it in her power, without the least danger of being overburdened, to surpass in attractiveness, if not in absolute culinary excellence, any place of public entertainment that can be found.

To understand all the arts of cook To understand all the arts of cook

ery, and be able to practice or superintend the work whenever anything elaborate or intricate is wished for, is an accomplishment for any lady to be proud of. But it is far more important to understand and successfully superlying the less intrigate, more substantial with the audiphone to his teeth in the successfully superlying the less intrigate, more substantial to the less intrigate, more substantial to the less intrigate. elaborate or intricate is wished for, is prond of. But it is far more important to understand and successfully superintend the less intricate, more substantial and healthful every-day family meals—to be so able to provide a charming variety that there will be little pleasant surprises every day or two, instead of that monotony that enables each member of the family to know just what each day's bill of fare will be.

For some of our readers the most reference of the provided with the andiphone to his teeth the heard everything. All the boys were withing in turn, with nearly the same success, even to the poor fellow without teeth, and such a flood of happiness came over his face, and poured out of his eyes, that my own eyes were blinded with tears. The rich tones of a parlor organ, which a gentleman present played upon, seemed almost to trans-For some of our renders the most religious part of this paper is its directions how to make the home happy by making the table attractive. God has called heaven our home that He may teach us to make home our heaven, and any wife and mother who knows not how to do this peads to sack lastes. not how to do this needs to seek instruction in the first principles of her life-duty.—Christian Union.

General Grant's Present to the Em-

cont stallions en route to the Japanese Empire. These horses are in charge of William B, Griffith and Edward Casey of Washington, who are going through the deaf must be educated as to what an articulate sound is to tell them. It would be with them like teaching to Japanese the control of th of Washington, who are going through to Japan with them to see them safely delivered. The animals were taken to Ed. Culver's stable on Eleventh street Ed. Culver's stable on Eleventh street for a two days' rest, and there a Bee reporter this morning obtained a view of the beautiful steeds.

Want a study her face became! Waves of rosy color passed over her cheeks, her eyes were uplifted, her hand was raised, the forefinger pointing to heaven.

"The next day Mr. Blake's son went off directly after breakfast, and was not seen again till afternoon.
"Coming back, he overtook his father returning from the post-office.
"I know all about is!" he exclaimed, in his excitement. 'Katy told we have hospitably entertained while visiting that country. This horse is a fine bay, with (we white hind feet, with white

HEARING WITHOUT EARS.

Not long ago I went with some very Not long ago I went with some very excellent and humane people to witness the wonderful scene of a number of deaf persons from the Deaf and Dumb Institute, who were made to hear through their teeth! They all had been deaf—some from birth and some from infancy. There were four pretty, pleasant-looking girls, and six or eight bright boys. One of the boys had lost both arms, but the poor fellow had been taught the sign-language by his loving, patient teacher, and could show that he understood it by waving and lifting his poor stumps of arms. stumps of arms.

ear. I began to make experiments. I held a piece of bent metal to my teeth. I tried a tuning-fork. I remembered that Beethoven, the great composer, who became very deaf, held a metallic rod between his teeth, the other end resting on the sounding-board of his piano, and by this means he was able to hear the perfect music which his brain had produced. I tested various ways of hearing through the teath, and conof hearing through the teeth, and now, after many trials, I have perfected this," and he held up what looked exectly like a fan. "This," he continued, "is the audiphone. It is made of flexible, polished, carbonized rubber. Fine silk cords, attached to the upper edge, bend it over, and are fastened by a wedge in the handle. The tension is wedge in the name. The telepool as adjusted to suit the sound, as an opera-glass is adjusted to suit distance. The top edge of the fan rests up:n the upper teeth, and the sound-waves strike its surface; the vibrations are convoyed by the teeth and the bones of the face the acoustic nerve communicating th the brain."

It is almost impossible to believe, but the gentleman called up one of the deaf mutes, and, standing just in front of him, gave a tremendous shout, which made us all fairly bounce on our chairs, but the boy did not start, or move so much as an eyelash, which showed very plainly that he had heard nothing. Then Mr. Rhodes, for this is the name of the inventor of the audiphone, arranged the tension, and placed one in the boy's hand, adjusting it to his teeth. Then, "A. B. C." said Mr. Rhodes, in an ordinary tone. At the sound the boy started, his face flushed, and he raised his hand with a work survived with a contract of the sound the boy started. his hand with a quick surprised motion. He heard for the first time in his life! He did not know what the sounds meant. because to a deaf person English speech might as well be Greek—a deaf per-son's mind is a perfect blank as to the meanings of sound, though he may be able to talk fast enough on his fingers. Then Mr. Rhodes went behind the boy and said: "A. B. C." a little louder, and his teacher made the signs of the letters at the same time; the boy gave a skin of delight, making the letters also.

skip of delight, making the letters also. Then a lady played on the piano, and the boy heard music for the first time! His hand moved up and down with a rhythmic motion, as if keeping time to pleasant sounds.

Then another boy was called, and the

same experiments were tried, the first boy looking eagerly on, and talking as fast as his fingers would go, to the rest of the class. The second boy said in the sign language that he could hear "very loud sounds." Mr. Rhodes shouted at

tense happiness.

And now one of the girls, a pale, pretty little thing, was called to the table. The audiphone was placed to her teeth, and Mr. Rhodes made a sound. I hope you understand that it was of no use for him to ask a question, because a deaf person has to begin like a baby

baby to talk.

When the girl heard the sound, what a study her face became! Waves eaven. But now Mr. Rhodes brought

ented by number of flat boxes, each holding an audiphone. He took them out, and was so gave one to each of the deaf mutes. Then a lady present sang an echo song very sweetly, with the accompaniment of the piano. What a sight it was, as, with audiphones at their teeth, the with two white hind feet, with white star in forchead, long mane and tail, is fifteen hands high, has beautifully-formed limbs, possesses good action, and is very promising as to speed. This horse has been owned by General Grant since he was a colt.

"Kingsley" is sixteen hands high, seven years old, it a rich mahogany bay with no marks, and has long mane and tail. He is a running horse, having a record of 1:44.

"Black Hawk, Junior," is a jet black horse, with white hind feet, one white front foot and white star on forehead; long mane; tail drage on the ground; he is 154 hands high, is symmetrically proportioned, has elegant limbs; has trotted a mile in 2:22 and 2:29, and has prospects of getting be-

with a few dollars of earnings is his observed that feneral Grant was the guest of General Heals while rising one of the class that he should enter actively, on account of his attern actively, on account of his ricing.

"He could not refuse to go to the theater companions. Sam took a natural intercent in the society of young ladies, too, and had to give up some time to its cuit and had to give up some time to give up some time to its cuit and and ground and had to give up some time to give up some time to its cuit father, next Christmas, the smouth of practice in the gymnasium.

With a few dollars of earnings is his pocket. He had decided to give up some time to its cuit.

With a few dollars of earnings is his pocket. He had decided to give up to feel that feneral Grant was the guest of General Heals while risiting Wash and the same of Heals while risiting Wash and the same of the class that he should enter actively, on account of his attemptic of the class that he should enter actively, on account of his attemptic of the class that he should enter actively, on account of his attemptic of the class that he should enter actively, on account of his actively, on account of his attemptic of the class that he should enter actively, on account of his attemptic of the class that he should enter actively, on account of his actively. "He told him—" I proved myself unworthy, as my father said. Now give me a chance to show myself unworthy, as my father said. Now give me a chance to show myself unworthy, as my father said. Now give me a chance to show myself unworthy, as my father said. Now give me a chance to show myself unworthy, as my father said. Now give me a chance to show myself unworthy, as my father said. Now give me a chance to show myself unworthy, as my father said. Now give me a chance to show myself unworthy, as my father said. Now give me a chance to show myself unworthy, as my father said. Now give me a chance to show myself unworthy, as my father said. Now give me a chance to show myself unworthy, as my fa

light of the deaf girls and boys, as the

light of the deaf girls and boys, as the sweet, selemm strains struck upon the precious audiphones held close to their teeth. They waved their hands to and fro, their faces glowing; the young girl, as before, looking upward, raising her arm with pointing finger at the high notes, and lowering it gently at the low tones. Big tears stood in the eyes of many of the singers, and I for one shall never forget the scene.

Mr. Rhodes has sent an audiphone, as a girl, to the Princess of Wales, who is very deaf. These fans can be decorated and painted so as to be very beautiful, and a lady using one would never be supposed to be deaf, if she playfully placed her fan against her teeth when she was conversing.—

"Ausit Fansy," in St. Nicholas.

Sir Humphrey Davy's Courage.

A writer on Sir Humphrey Davy, In Temple Bar, tells the following stories of his courage: "The same moral and physical courage which Davy displayed in his youth by deliberately taking out his pocketknife and excising a part of his leg which had been bitten by a mad his log which had been bitten by a mad dog, and cauterizing the wound with his own hands, was exhibited in his chemical investigations. His discovery that nitrous gas, the vapor of aquafortis, is not injurious to health, resulted from experiments on his own life. He obtained the gas in a state of purity, and, though very well aware of the danger he ran if the received theory of its deadly powers was true, which doubted, he resolved to inhale it in its pure form. Gradually increasing the dose, he ultimately succeeded in breathing four quarts of the gas from and into a silk bag. He experienced a sense of giddiness, accompanied with loss of sensation and volition, a state analogous to intoxication, 'attended' as he says, 'by a highly pleasurable thrilling in the chest and limbs. The objects around became dazzling and my hearing more acute. Toward the last investigation the sense of misselfer wards. ing more acute. Toward the last ineration the sense of muscular power sistible propensity to action was in-dulged in. My gesticulations were various and violent. In ten minutes I had recovered my natural state of nd.

"And what are we to say of the dar-"And what are we to say of the daring of the following experiment, at which he was again operator and subject. He was curious to know what effect drink would have on a person under the influence of this gas. He drank a bottle of wine in about eight minutes. 'I perceived,' says he a sense of fullness in the head and throibing of the arteries. I lost the power of speech, and was unable to stand steadily. In an hour I sank into a state of insensibility, in which I remained for two hours and a half. I was awakened by severe headache and nauses. ened by severe headache and nauses, and my bodily and mental debility were excessive. In this state I breathed five quarts of gas for a minute and a half, but it must have been impure, for it had no effect.' He then respired twelve quarts of oxygen for nearly four min-utes, without any material change in his sensations. The severe headache his sensations. The severe headache continuing, he respired saven quarts of quite pure nitrous oxide for two and a half minutes. After the third respiration the headache vanished. Brilliant ideas passed through his mind. He jumped and danced across the room; but languor and depression succeeded, which gradually wore off toward evening. In his treatise 'Concerning Nitrous Oxide' he records its amusing effects on Oxide' he records its amusing effects on several of his friends. One of them danced about like a spinning top, and got so pugnacious that he struck at whoever happened to be near him. Its influence on such chosen souls as Coleridge and Southey was by no means brilliant. They jumped and skipped about the room, laughing idiotically, every gleam of intelligence fading from their faces.

"The experiment on himself by

which Davy proved that hydrocarbonate acts as a sedative was fearfully daring. It was no foolhardy bravado that was the motive power with him, but a love of scientific investigation. He says he was anxious to compare its effects with those of nitrous oxide. Emboldened by those of nitrous exide. Emboldened by a first experiment, from which he felt no excessively painful results, he introduced four quarts of the gas into a silk bag. After a forced exhaustion of the lungs, and the nose being accurately closed, he made three breathings of the hydrocarbonate. The first produced a feeling of numbness, the second took away the power of vision and enfeebled away the power of vision and enfeebled the other senses, the third sent him away in a swoon, and just left him power to throw away the tube from his ips. After a short interval he recovered a little, and was able to whisper, I do not think I shall die.' Placing 'I do not think I shall die.' Placing his finger on his wrist he found his pulse beating with excessive quickness. n about a minute he was able to walk, but for an hour was weak and giddy, and conscious of a painful pressure upon the chest.

Taking Advantage of Leap-Year.

A Detroiter who was out in the coun-A Detroiter who was out in the country the other day to look after some poultry got stuck in a mud-hole, although having a light buggy and a strong horse. He got out, took a rail off the fence, and was trying to pry the vehicle out, when along came a strapping young woman about twenty-six years of age. She halted, surveyed the situation, and said:

"You stand by the horse while I

situation, and said:
"You stand by the horse while I heave on the rail, and don't be afraid of getting mud on your hands and

Their united efforts released the ve hicle, and the Detroiter returned thanks and asked her to get in and ride. She heattated, looked up and down the road, "Stranger, I'm blunt spoken. Who and finally said:

He gave his name and residence, and 'I'm over twenty-five, worth five hundred in eash, know all about housework, and this is Leap-Year."
"Yes, I know, but for Heaven's sake

gant than the one just mentioned, was found in one of the lowermost strata. At a still greater depth in the same de-

Glances Through a Telescope at Ju-piter, Saturn and Mars.

The last rays of the setting sun were flooding the earth with a golden glow, as, in Mr. Seagrave's private observatory, the telescope was turned toward that part of the sky where Jupiter was pursuing his westward course, though as yet invisible to the naked eye. Our giant brother made a lovely picture on a back-ground still brilliant with the a back-ground still brilliant with the light of parting day, the disc looking like a circle of white cloud marked with shadowy belts. As the twilight faded, the color deepened, and the disc of fleecy white became a sphere of golden hus, greatly flattened at the poles, and diversified with a brilliant purple belt around the equator, and with belts of softer tone near the poles. Fen may not paint the peerless picture of this grand planet as it hung projected from the heavens, a huge golden ball, large as the full moon, and marked with wavy belts harmoniously tinted, while two

as the full moon, and marked with wavy belts harmonicusly tinted, while two moons far apart on the right, and two close together on the left, added to the completeness of the scane.

The telescope was next turned toward Saturn, and a view of surpassing beauty entranced the eye, for the ringe are opening and cradling the planet in their concentric circles of golden light. There is no object in the heavens, with the exception of the sun, that so impresses the beholder as the telescopic Saturn. An artist might outline its ly defined, and the rings encompassed the great sphere like guardians to ward off danger. The definition was so fine, and the atmosphere so still, that the opening between the inner and outer ring, the dark ring, the shadow of the planet on the ring, and the shadow of the rings on the planet, were easily dis-cerned, while five moons, four on the right and one on the left, completed the brilliant sight. Werds may describe the elements of the scene, but they can give no idea of the feelings of awe and amazement, the keen enjoyment of the beautiful in nature, the deep impression of infinite wisdom and power inspired by the view. Saturn, though surpassed by Jupiter in mass and volume, far surpasses his gigantic brother in the magnificence of his system, and in the superb sight afforded of the system and harmony that reign in the movements of his complex and incomprehensible structure.

Mars came next as an object of observation, but his lesser glory paled give no idea of the feelings of awe and

Mars came next as an object of ob-servation, but his lesser giory paled after the brilliant show made by his powerful rivals. A globe of roddish light in gibbous phase appeared upon the field of vision, and nothing more. He is traveling from us, and too far away to be a matter of telescopic inter-est. Faint markings on his surface gave indication of the wonderful conti-nents, islands and seas that eagle-eved nents, islands and seas that eagle-eyed astronomers have mapped upon his surface. His tiny moons have become invisible, and nearly two years will pass before a sight of the Martian satellites will great the eyes of astronomers, while seven or eight revolutions of the earth will be required before this planet repeats the favorable conditions of the osition of 1877 .- Providence (R I.)

The Antiquity of the Spoon.

The use of our common table utensil, the spoon, is widespread, and its invention, as it appears, dates from remote antiquity. The form which we use at the present day—a small oval bowl provided with a shank and flattened handle vided with a shank and flattened handle
—is not that which has been universally
adopted. If we examine into the manners and customs of some of the people
less civilized than we—the Kabyles, for
example—we shall find that they use a
round wooden spoon. The Romans
also used a round spoon, which was
made of copper. We might be led, from
the latter fact, to infer that the primitive form of this utensil was round, and
that the oval shape was a comparathat the oval shape was a compara-tively modern invention. But such is not the case; for M. Chantre, in making some excavations on the borders of Lake Paladru, the waters of which had been partially drawn off, found, in good state of preservation, wooden spoons which in shape were nearly like those in use at the present day, the only dif-ference being in form of the handle, which was no wider than the shank. The lacustrine station where these were found dates back to the ninth century, and we therefore have evidence that oval spoons were already in use during the Carlovingian epoch. The Neolithic the Carlovingian epoch. The Neolithic peoples used oval spoons made of baked clas; several fragments of such have been found in the Seine, and M. Per-rault has also discovered a number in a Neolithic deposit in Burgundy. This gentleman found, in addition, a potladle. "The table spoons," says he, "are elongated and exactly resemble the woodsn spoons in use in our kitcheus. Their bowls vary from three to fourteen millimeters in depth." The table spools has collected to fourteen the woods of the control of th portions of bandles which he collected were too fragmentary to allow it to be determined whether or not they termi-nated in a flattened handle like the

posit he came across a thick rudely

modern forms.

"Well, when his hand went down for his revolver, I whipped out my old file quicker's lightnin', an swiped him one right acrost the face. When he fell I thought I'd killed him, an' the s'loon, fillin' up with miners, I sorter skinned out, not knowin' what might happen. odern forms.

It might be pertinent to inquire to hat possible use a spoon could have ke-arved Bill Feathergill? 'Cos, of so be what possible use a spoon could have been put in the Reindeer Age, when raw meat was eaten, and when skin bottles were the only water vessels. Yet a genuine spoon made of reindeer's hern has been discovered in the Grotto with the control of the c fur you now.'
"It struck me that my friend had the blee, so I waltred back and went up an' of Gourdan. It is eval, very long, and quite shallow. Its handle is very elegant, being covered with engraved figures. Unfortunately it is broken so that it is impossible to say whether the handle was flattened. The slight depth

down before that s'loon for nigh three hours. I'd found out Bill wasn't dead hours. I'd found out Bill wasn't dead an' was bad medicine, but it wouldn't do to let down. Purty soon I see my man a-headin' fur me. His face had been patched up till it looked like the closing-out display of a retail dry-goods handle was flattened. The slight depth of the spoon should not surprise us, for the men who made it knew neither soups nor sauces, and they could only have used it for the purpose of extract-ing the marrow from the long bones of large animals, or for eating the brains of the latter, and for such uses depth of bowl was of real consequence. store. There was so little countenance exposed that I couldn't guess what h was a-almin' at, so I brought my haud back of my collar an' grabbed my file. " 'Hold on, there; hold on,' set he. 'gimme y'r hand, I'm friendly, I've got bowl was of small consequence. M. Piette has likewise found other well Piette has likewise found other well characterized spoons in deposits of the Reindeer Age. One of these, more delicate, narrower, deeper and less ele-

... The English Presbyterians are greatly concerned over the heavy losses they are subject to every year. A reposit he came across a thick rudely made spoon, which appeared never to have had any handle. It was made of rough dressed bone, with polished edges, and its shape was oval. Before the invention of such an implement as a spoon, man of the Reindeer Age employed the spatula; and this is found at all depths in the Gourdan and Lorest deposits. Mr. Garrigan discovered in the Grotto of Alliat a fragment of reindeer's horse hellowed out in its whole deer's horn hollowed out in its whole congregations, are similarly lost to us length, and apparently designed for year by year we have no accurate means of knowing."

These, however, were probably only temporarily used as spoons, the only genuine spoons which have been discovered being those described above, and which served as models for Neolithic man who afterward appeared on the scene.—Scientific American.

Light in a Dark Place.

There is a placid skepticism which sneers at all the humans and charitable efforts to help paupers and criminals, of which we speak elsewhere, as a foolish waste of time. But the spirit which taught forgiveness until seventy times seven, and which fills Henven with joy over one soul saved, is perpetually illustrated, although not always noted. The good people who are patiently working in their various counties, visiting the jails and the poor-houses, will see in one little incident that their lasee in one little incident that their la-

see in one little incident that their labor is not in vain.

A young man nineteen years old was committed to the jail in Richmond County, in this State, for theft. He proved to be an old offender even at that age, and had been already in the State Prison. He was discovered by his friends as irreclaimable, and was seriously ill. The Sheriff, who is the jailer in that county and his wife, were very ously ill. The Sheriff, who is the jailer in that county, and his wife, were very kind to him, and Mrs. Floyd, one of the ladies of the "Jail Committee" of the State Charities Aid County Association, often visited him. The young man was evidently deeply touched, and upon the expiration of his term the Sheriff humanely obtained a place for him is an honest industry. A few days since he sent the following letter to the Sheriff, which is unquestionably sincere, and very suggestive and encouraging: "Sin—I think it a duty to write to you and tell you how I get along, because I never can forget the way, Sheriff, you treated me while in your charge. I promised you I would try to do right, and I am trying to keep my promise. I

cause I never can forget the way, Sheriff, you treated me while in your charge. I promised you I would try to do right, and I am trying to keep my promise. I am getting along better than I anticipated I should. I am boarding in a very nice place, and feel quite comfortable. Mrs. Floyd writes to me, and Mr. Butler comes to see me often. Tonight I write three letters—one to you, one to Mr. Vaughn (Departy Sheriff), and one to Mrs. Floyd—feeling in the best of spirits, and as good as ever. Sheriff, I am not a school-man, and can not command in the English language words adequate to express my gratitude to you, Mrs. Brown and Mr. Vaughn, for you have lifted me, an unhappy convict, up, and placed me on the first step, it will not be impossible, with the help of the Divine assistance, to ascend the rest. I might slip. ance, to ascend the rest. I might slip, but even should I slip one step, it will be my ambition to reascend two.....I be my ambition to reascend two....I ask you to remember me to Mrs. Brown, such as a son would desire to be remembered to a mother, also to her kind sister, for, Sheriff, the only friends I have in this world are those I made in your jail....I will try and adhere to my good resolutions. I am fully aware that I have all up-hill work before me, and that I have a great deal of prejudice to overcome, in the shape of the taunts and jeers of those virtuous persons who will never give a fallen brother credit for a sincere desire to reform. er credit for a sincere desire to reform Nevertheless, I hope ultimately to live down my former bad reputation, and down my former bad reputation, and should I succeed, you can take credit to yourself, in conjunction with the remainder of your family, and Mrs. Floyd, for having saved one fallen creature from ruination; and it will be another proof that there are few hearts so utterly depraved as to be impervious to acts of humanity and kindness."—Har-per's Weckly.

A Returned Deadwooder Tells a Little Story. "Deadwood," said the stranger, putting down his half-eaten alice of lemon pie and taking a long pull at the milk, "I went there when the first rush was made for the hills. Rather a rough erowd, the first lot, you bet; more wholesome now. When I got there I was dead-broke—didn't have a dollar, didn't have a revolver, which a man'll often need out there worse'n a meal's vittles. I was prob'ly the only man in

vittles. I was prob'ly the only man in the hills who didn't carry firearms, an' I was some lonesome, I tell you. The only weepon I hed—I'm a blacksmith—

only weepon I hed—I m a blacksmith—
was a rasp, a heavy file, you know,
'bout eighteen inches long, which I carried down my back, the handle in easy
reach just below my coat collar. Understand? Like the Arkansaw man car-

temperance man. I just don't drink an' don't meddle with ary other man's

drinkin'-that's all. One day-I hedn't

been in Deadwood more'n a week—I was settin' in a s'loon—only place a

man kin set to see any society—when a feller come in, a reg'lar hustler, with his can full and a quart over. Hed a revolver on each side of his belt, an' looked vicious. Nothin' mean about him, though. Askt me to drink. 'Not

any, thank you, sez I. 'Not drink with me! Me! Bill Feathergill! When I ask a tender-foot to drink, I expect him

man kin set to see any society

I'm not exactly

ries his bowie-knife.